# The Diverting Poſt.

From *Saturday Feb.* 10, to *Saturday Feb.* 17. 1705.

## To the Reader.

*LET factious* Poets, *who for* Parties *write,*
*With gauling Satyr, endleſs Feuds incite;*
*We only court a harmleſs gentle* Muſe,
*Free from that* Spleen *which others daily uſe,*
*Too modeſt to correct, too civil to abuſe.*
Reader, *without a Bluſh you may proceed,*
*And with Delight her various Dictates read:*
*To entertain you, is her whole Deſign,*
*In which, if ſhe ſucceeds, ſhe hopes to find,*
*As ſhe more pleaſing grows, you'll prove more kind.*

## Advice to *Corima.* By Mr. *Sam. Phillips.*

I.

*COrinna, you your ſelf expoſe,*
*By idly Laughing ſo;*
*And your wide Mouth does that diſcloſe*
*Which no Man ought to know.*
*Conſult your Glaſs, if you'll not me believe,*
*For that, unleſs you'll have it, can't deceive.*

II.

*If you are Wiſe, be rul'd by me,*
*And be a* Silent Woman;
*Avoid all merry Company,*
*And hold Diſcourſe with no Man:*
*For when you do thoſe rotten Bones expoſe,*
*Each muſt ſtand farther off, or hold his Noſe.*

III.

*And when they ſmell the nauſeous Scent,*
*(Faith I muſt ſpeak the Truth)*
*They'll think you have no other Vent,*
*But Ordure through your Mouth.*
*Therefore this mighty Grievance to amend,*
*Stop up your Mouth, 'twill out at t'other End.*

## Upon a very pretty Lady with an ill Shape.

*IN your Cœleſtial Face, our raviſh'd Eyes*
*Survey bold Nature's greateſt Artifice,*
*In ev'ry Feature Love in Ambuſh lies.*
*Whate're Romantick Pens could yet invent,*
*With all th' unbounded Fancy's Ornament,*
*Comes vaſtly ſhort of your Angelick Face,*
*Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm, and ev'ry Grace.*
*In you we fear'd that Nature had deſign'd*
*Deſpair, and killing Love to all Mankind:*
*But the wiſe Goddeſs ſaw her Work too great,*
*Too dang'rous to be perfectly compleat,*
*And mov'd with Pity, generouſly found*
*A Balm to heal th' unevitable Wound.*
*Th' expiring Lover downward caſts his Eyes,*
*And there his Hopes of Life and Eaſe diſcrys:*
*Seeing your Shape ill ſorted with your Face,*
*His exil'd Love to Reaſon leaves its place.*
*Thus when th' amazed Mariner eſpyes,*
*Amidſt the Waves, the* Syren's *dazzling Eyes;*
*Wildly tranſported with her killing Face,*
*Gladly he would th' encircling Waves embrace;*
*Gladly he would, too prodigal of Breath,*
*To meet that charming Creature, meet his Death.*
*But when the ſcaly Tail, that floats above,*
*Betrays the Monſter, and expels the Love;*
*Again he learns to value Life, again*
*Reaſon aſſumes her interrupted Reign.*

## On my Lady *Sunderland.* By *W. B.* a *Weſtminſter* Scholar.

*LET no Romantick Pen hereafter dare*
*To deck with fancy'd Charms a feigned Fair;*
*Let no bold Writer now preſume to grace,*
*With Lillies, an imaginary Face.*
*Lillies, by Conqueſt, to great* Marlbro' *due,*
*By him, fair* Sunderland, *entail'd on you.*
*The captive Lillies, tho' in Triumph brought,*
*Forget the Fate with which they lately fought;*
*And tho' unlucky in the Chance of Arms,*
*Subdue ſucceſsfully in Beauty's Charms.*

## A Copy of Verſes on Mr. *Phillips*'s Poem, occaſion'd by the Votes of the *Houſe of Commons* to do ſomething to perpetuate the Duke *Marlborough*'s Memory. By *J. C.* a *Weſtminſter* Scholar.

### To the Commons.

*YE can't a Monument more laſting raiſe,*
*Long to perpetuate your* Churchill's *Praiſe;*
*Not coſtly Pyramids of Pride, which muſt*
*With their frail Hero moulder into Duſt;*
*No bright Emblazonary, or proud Array,*
*A gawdy Pomp that laſts but for a Day.*
*In* Phillips *Numbers he'll for ever ſhine,*
*He breathes in ev'ry Word, and lives in ev'ry Line.*
*O! with what Spirit does the Poet write!*
*Not with a greater did his Hero fight:*
*He ſcorns a tedious Journal to rehearſe,*
*Set off with nothing but the Chinque of Verſe:*
*That dull-ſweet Ornament let others uſe*
*T'adorn their thoughtleſs Work, and humble Muſe.*
*Great* Phillips *ſoars Aerial, and ſings*
*Sublime in mighty Numbers, mighty things.*
*Nor in a loftier Strain, nor louder String,*
*Did* Homer *once his great* Achilles *ſing.*

*Nor*

*For such a Bard as this in youthful Pride,*
*Young* Ammon *nobly long'd, and fondly cry'd*
*He knew the Tripod where the Prieſteſs ſtood,*
*Could never make him half ſo great a* God;
*Nor artful* Phidias, *with his utmoſt Care,*
*Could e're a Monument ſo laſting rear:*
*'Tis on the Poet's Pen the Hero flyes,*
*And on his Pinion tow'ring, mounts the Skies.*
*The very Pillars which the Artiſts make,*
*Are only laſting for the Inſcription's ſake;*
*And if a while the brittle Structure lives,*
*The Life, the Poet, not the Artiſt gives.*

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## To Morrow The firſt Riddle.

*MY Face is ſhining as the Day,*
*My Temper airy, brisk and gay.*
*I wear a Mask as black as Night,*
*Yet neither Devil am, nor Spright.*
*I break my Word, as People ſay,*
*At leaſt a thouſand times a Day;*
*For when within a little ſpace,*
*I promiſe to diſcloſe my Face,*
*As ſwift as Thought, I take my Flight,*
*And vaniſh out of Human Sight:*
*For Man, nor Woman, King nor Queen,*
*Have ever yet my Preſence ſeen.*
*Then let me unmoleſted ſleep,*
*Within my Dungeon dark and deep;*
*For once reveal'd to Human Sight,*
*I never more can ſee the Light.*

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## Pam The ſecond Riddle.

*I Never Speak, nor See, nor Hear,*
*And yet a Human Shape I wear;*
*Have Kindred too, and Brothers three,*
*But they and I could ne're agree;*
*For Traytor-like, I ſpend my Life,*
*Affront my King, and ſcorn his Wife.*
*But tho' a thouſand Tricks I play,*
*And pick their Pockets every Day,*
*The proudeſt Lady in the Land*
*Is pleas'd to ſhake me by the Hand;*
*For then I give her more Delight*
*Than offer'd heaps of Diamonds bright.*
*To find me out, is little Pains,*
*For Letters three my Name contains.*

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## A Fart The third Riddle.

*WE never read, nor take Degrees,*
*Yet often give the ſick Man Eaſe;*
*Like Fidlers too, uncall'd we come,*
*To make you Sport in every Room.*
*But O! what Services can bind,*
*The Gratitude of Human Kind;*
*For all conſpire without Remorſe,*
*To turn us headlong out of Doors.*
*Therefore in Caves we chuſe to lye,*
*And ſhun the Sight of Mortal Eye;*
*For O! that Day we ſee the Sun,*
*That fatal Day our Life is done.*
*Yet in this miſerable State,*
*We never murmur at our Fate,*
*But ſilent yeild our deareſt Breath,*
*And, Fellon like, are preſs'd to Death.*

The Gentleman that ſent theſe *Riddles*, is deſired, if he pleaſes, to ſend an *Explanation* of them to inſert in our next.

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## Verſes ſent by a Gentleman, who Sung well, to a young Lady, whoſe Name was *Finch*; upon her keeping a pretty *Goldfinch*, and other Birds for him, whilſt he was out of Town.

I.

*I Sent a pretty* Finch *of late,*
*A pretty* Finch *to keep,*
*Who kindly gave it Drink and Meat,*
*And Cage-room too, to ſleep.*

II.

*To have't again, I can't tell how,*
*To part 'em, I am loth;*
*Beſides, inſtead of what's my due,*
*Methinks I'd fain have both.*

III.

*For one to Sing, is excellent,*
*The Groves melodious Lay,*
*And t'ther has an Inſtrument,*
*And ſweetly it can Play.*

IV.

*But if I muſt not both poſſeſs,*
*Kind Fate the change then bring,*
*And ſend me back the* Finch *that plays,*
*For I my ſelf can Sing.*

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## *Cupid* turn'd Plow-man.

I.

*YOung* Cupid *laid his Bow aſide,*
*And chang'd his Arrows for a Goad;*
*For's Quiver he a Satchel ty'd,*
*With Bread and Cheeſe full well ſupply'd,*
*The Plow-man's beſt lov'd Load.*

II.

*Beaſts from the untam'd he took,*
*The nobleſt of the Plain;*
*And when their ſtubborn Necks he had broke,*
*(As he does all things) to his Yoake,*
*He ſow'd the fertile Grain.*

III.

*Then looking up, thus* Jove *beſpake;*
*Deſcend in kindly Showers;*
*Give Bleſſings on the Pains I take,*
*And here a fruitful Harveſt make,*
*As thou doſt dread my Pow'rs.*

IV.

*Thou know'ſt my Threats are not in vain,*
*Know'ſt I can make thee bow;*
*Make thee renew th' inglorious Pain;*
*Make thee* Europa's *Bull again,*
*And Yoake thee to my Plow.*

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## Advertiſements.

*** There is given out to all Gentlemen, and Lovers of Muſick, the great Catalogue of *Italian* Muſick, collected in *Italy* by Mr. *Finger*, and are to be had, with the Books, according to the Price in the Catalogue, at Mr. *Baniſter*'s Houſe in *Brownlow-Street* in *Drury-Lane*, and at Mr. *Playford*'s Shop in the *Temple-Change* in *Fleet-Street*.

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